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MEMORY-PICTURES OF LINCOLN

By Johnson Brigham
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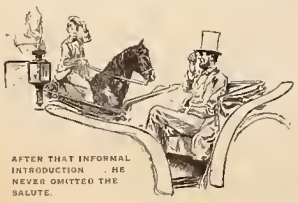
I WAS riding "my" horse when I caught my first glimpse of President Lincoln. Accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, he was driving in his carriage to his temporary residence, the Soldiers' Home. It was in the summer of 1864. I had been promoted from hallboy in the central office of the Sanitary Commission to be the chief clerk's first assistant, and one of the perquisites of the position happened to be the privilege of riding the chief clerk's horse—a coal-black stallion with a running record on the Long Island course. Many regarded the horse as the most beautiful horse in the District, and I, at least, knew him to be one of the fastest.

One evening, as I was passing the President's carriage, I was quick to notice that the man who sat leaning forward with his elbows upon his knees was the President himself. He was quite as quick to notice the points of the horse I rode, and, out of respect for the noble animal, he waved his hand and bowed to the young rider. After that informal introduction, he



AFTER THAT INFORMAL INTRODUCTION . . HE NEVER OMITTED THE SALUTE.

was wont to watch the stallion as he pranced or flew past the carriage, and he never omitted the salute—which I rightly interpreted as a mark of respect for the handsomest horse in the District.

The thing I remember most vividly about the President's face at that time was its extreme sadness. I had read much of Lincoln's quaint humor and of his fondness for telling droll stories; I was therefore shocked to find that the real Lincoln's countenance was the saddest I had ever beheld. I afterward learned that the position in which I first saw him—his elbows on his knees and his hands supporting his head—had become habitual. The break in his physical strength had already begun.

Years afterward Schuyler Colfax told me that in the summer of 1864 the President was conscious that his load was greater than he could physically bear. Fully a year or more before his assassination his nearest friends realized that he was breaking in health and that he could not long survive the end of his second term.

Now let us pass over into the eventful year, 1865, and consider Lincoln the orator.

The fourth day of March, the day of his second inauguration, was raw and disagreeable. About eleven o'clock that Saturday morning the sun came out and somewhat enlivened the scene at the east entrance of the Capitol—a sombre scene at best. Thousands of people stood in the mud and patiently waited for the President to appear. I had never heard the man whose debates with Douglas had inspired my boyish admiration, and I was expecting great things from his oratory.

President Lincoln, fresh from the solemn inauguration ceremonies in the Senate Chamber, took his stand at the top of the steps leading to the east entrance of the Capitol, and after a few preliminaries began to read his now world-famous Second Inaugural Address. His face was so solemn that I wondered that anyone could think him light and trifling.

LINCOLN THE ORATOR.

At first I was disappointed. I looked for oratorical flourish; but there before me stood only an earnest man with a few sheets of manuscript in his hand, from which he was conscientiously reading. He was bent only on uttering certain words that needed to be spoken. Occasionally he would look up over his old-fashioned, heavy-rimmed spectacles at the listening thousands, and would repeat a clause or sentence from memory. At such times his voice gathered power, and his audience felt the thrill of his suppressed emotion and the force of his intense earnestness.

As he neared the close of his address, he scarcely looked at his manuscript. With grandly simple, almost pathetic, eloquence he uttered those historic words—words that can never grow commonplace:

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

Then, with fatherly counsel and injunction, he added the oft-quoted closing words:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in,—to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, —to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Let me present another aspect of this many-sided character. During the momentous week when Grant was hammering at the gates of the Confederate capital, the President, feeling in every fibre of his being that the end was near, took passage for City Point, in order that with his own eager eyes, weary with long watching, he might see the last act in the drama at war—and, I doubt not, that he might check any overt and unseemly act, should occasion require.

Late one afternoon, while he was resting from his writing on the gunboat *River Queen*, he observed several little kittens, hardly able to stand, blindly crawling about the floor. He lifted them tenderly to his desk, and for some time watched their movements, as if pondering the greatest of all problems—the mystery of life. Seeing a loosening film over the eye of one of the kittens, he carefully wiped it away with his handkerchief and, as he placed the little fellow on the floor again, said gently, "There, little one, I've done for you what even your mother couldn't do."*

DRAWINGS BY THOMAS HOGARTY

FORD'S THEATRE ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 14TH

As I have time and again recalled to my mind that incidental use of the word "mother," I have thought that at that moment there must have come to the President some recollection of the delicate, hard-worked woman who had toiled and struggled for her son, and who yet in her poverty felt that she could do so little for him. What the word "mother" meant to this man can be inferred from his oft-quoted saying to a friend: "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory!"

A few days later, I saw still another side of Lincoln's nature. The incident occurred in the rush of events following the close of the war and has escaped the attention of biographers and historians. It was the afternoon of April 10, 1865. The end that the President had unceasingly prayed for and struggled toward had come. Richmond had fallen. Lee had surrendered, and—although we could hardly realize it—the war was over. Some two hundred youths, mostly employed in the departments, headed by a band of music engaged for the occasion, marched to the White House to welcome President Lincoln back from the front.

Strikingly different was the Lincoln of 1865 from the Lincoln of a few years before. The lean, muscular man who in 1861 had come out of the West had sadly aged. His black frock coat fitted him loosely. The deep lines of care on his sallow face had deepened into furrows. His cheeks were sunken, his cheek bones unduly prominent. But a marvelous change had come over him since I had last seen him. The wearied look was gone, and his deep-set gray eyes flashed with a jubilant expression that told the story of a lifted burden.

"DIXIE."

After listening to the music, the President good-naturedly complied with our demand for a speech. He said that, as he was then in the midst of preparing a speech on reconstruction, which he had promised to deliver on the following evening, he would now say no more than that he appreciated this tribute of regard from the youths and young men of the departments, and profoundly rejoiced with them in the thought that the nation was saved. Then the old humorous expression of other days came to his now habitually sad face and, turning to a reporter at his elbow, he remarked that he did not care to say anything more lest the reporter should fail to quote him right to the country. "Such things have been done, you know," he added with a smile. "Then, turning to the leader of the band, he said:

"'The Confederacy has one tune I very much like, and, since we've captured the Confederacy, I think the tune goes with it. Just to please me, will the band strike up 'Dixie'?'"

*This hitherto unpublished incident was related to me by my chief, Mr. John Y. Culyer, who was on the *River Queen* at the time, and who witnessed the incident.

The leader gave the word, and the band played the familiar air of the Confederacy. The President kept time with his big foot, and a genial smile made his strong, homely face almost beautiful.

On the evening of April 11th, about two thousand people—perhaps more—gathered in the driveway and upon the lawn in front of the White House to listen to the President's speech on the all-important subject of the hour—reconstruction. It was a dark night and rain was falling; hundreds of umbrellas massed together made an imperfect covering for the shivering crowd. The dim lights from the outdoor gas jets and from the executive mansion gave a weird appearance to the throng, and the hollow sound of raindrops falling upon the canopy of umbrellas accentuated the strangeness of the scene.

Soon after eight o'clock some one raised the historic east window over the front entrance of the White House, and presently the tall, angular form of the President was silhouetted against the background of light. Without formality he began to read his speech—one for which the country had impatiently waited, and one which, except for the untimely death of its author, would undoubtedly have led to a wise settlement of the vexing question of the hour.

THE RECONSTRUCTION SPEECH.

The somewhat metallic voice, in which was a suggestion of the quaintness of the man behind the voice, was clear and distinct to those within the limits of the semicircular driveway; but it did not carry much farther. Conscious of the importance of the subject, the President rarely lifted his eyes from his manuscript, and then only to round some familiar period. That historic address related to an experiment in

FOR SOME TIME HE WATCHED THEIR MOVEMENTS

reconstruction then going on in Louisiana. The President pointed out the difficulties that surrounded the whole question of reconstruction, chief of which was the adverse criticism of certain journals in the North. He frankly declared that, should his Louisiana experiment fail to work satisfactorily, he would promptly abandon it. He showed that it was foolish to discuss conflicting theories about the status of the seceded states, for the problem was a practical one—merely that of placing them in normal relations with the general government.

"Let us all join," he said, "in doing the acts necessary to restore the proper practical relations between the states and the Union, and" —with a smile on his face—"each forever after innocently indulge his own opinion" whether the states had been brought back from without the Union, or had never been out of it.

The next time I saw the President, on April 17th, he lay in his coffin in the East Room of the White House. His pale, calm face not at all suggested the terrors of that fateful night of April 14th, when, in the midst of his rejoicing and at the height of his great fame, he was laid low in death. That night of horror! I recall it with a shudder even now.

About eleven o'clock, while on my way to my room on F Street, I looked down the street and saw a crowd gathered in front of the theatre. Thinking that it was an ovation to the President, for the newspapers had said he was to see Laura Keene's presentation of the then popular play, "Our American Cousin," I ran down the street and was soon part of the crowd. A tall, black-visaged young fellow was fiercely gesticulating under a lamp-post to a crowd of excited men. I knew that something terrible had happened, for consternation was written upon every face. I asked a man at my side what had happened. He looked at me in astonishment and in a broken voice exclaimed, "Happened! My God, boy, *they've killed the President!*"

I joined the enraged crowd of youths and young men that, under the leadership of the tall workingman who had witnessed the tragedy from the gallery, vainly searched for the assassin in alleys, and stables, and all out-of-the-way places. Failing to find him, we

mingled with the throng in front of the Peterson house opposite the theatre, to which the President had been carried. There we waited, hoping against hope, until well on into the morning. We took no sleep that night. Soon after seven o'clock on that black Saturday the solemn tolling of bells announced that the end had come.

Forgotten, or run together in my mind, are many of the after occurrences chronicled in history; but here and there some unimportant event stands out with strange vividness upon the retina of my memory.

"OUR BEST FRIEND'S GONE!"

I remember a gray-haired Southerner, a neighbor of mine, who in the past had somewhat annoyed me by his exultation over Confederate victories. On the morning after the assassination I saw him standing upon a stepladder and, assisted by his daughter and granddaughter, arranging heavy folds of black over the front entrance of his house on F Street. He had read Lincoln's legacy of good will to the conquered South,—the reconstruction speech,—and when I stopped to speak with him, he could only exclaim in a broken voice, "Our best friend's gone!"

I can yet hear the shrill-voiced newsboy at his accustomed place in front of the old Ebbitt House, shouting, "Daily morning *Chronicle*—all about the assassination of President Lincoln!" A woman guest of the hotel opened her window and, in a voice charged with emotion, called out to the boy: "Oh, it's cruel to shout so! Please *don't!!*" And the boy thereafter handed out his papers in silence.

On the following Monday a vast throng of mourners visited the White House to look for the last time upon the face of the dead—their dead. I remember the long line formed in single file in front of the White House and extending far down the driveway and into the street. In the line were soldiers from the hospitals, leaning heavily upon crutches; women, white and black, carrying children in their arms; infirm men whose wan faces and bent forms told that their end was nigh; boys and girls with sensibilities prematurely developed by the events of the war; strong men and women who could not speak of the dead President without starting anew the flow of tears.

I took my place at the end of the line at an early hour, and it was not long before hundreds were lined up behind me. For hours we stood waiting for a last look at the face of our beloved President. Nearer and nearer we drew, one slow, short step at a time, until at last I found myself in the historic East Room, looking down into the face of the man whom I had grown to know and love. The look of rest and peace upon his marred countenance held no suggestion of the tragic experience through which he had passed. I stood for a moment looking through my tears into the coffin of my friend; then some one told me in an undertone to move on.

On Wednesday the President's body was borne to the Capitol, and thence, as the reader knows, to its last resting place in Springfield.

I followed the funeral procession far down Pennsylvania Avenue—where only a few weeks before I had witnessed another procession escorting President Lincoln from the White House to the Capitol. As before, the avenue was lined with thousands. But instead of cheering and shouting, all of the spectators were now silent, and many were in tears. I vividly remember the riderless horse of the dead President, immediately following the casket—eloquent symbol of the general loss.

The SPITEHOUSE

By Hildegard Brooks

WHEN visitors stepped out upon Miss Hadyn's back veranda they usually said, "Oh!" Miss Hadyn had grown rather to expect the exclamation, and to look upon it as fairly due, not only to the lovely prospect, but to her own admirable landscape gardening, which had made the most of its natural beauties. Her niece, Fanchon, even pretended that Miss Hadyn had come to believe that it was all her own work, that she had herself penciled the far-away mountains against the sky and washed in the blue of the river.

Although Fanchon said it to tease her aunt, there was at least some truth in it; Miss Hadyn certainly felt that she owned the landscape for beyond the sweep of her own fair lawn, which ended where the wide meadows of a neighboring farmer began. Her sense of ownership extended to the fringe of noble elms that hid from view the brick-making village by the river shore.

To her interest in those trees Miss Hadyn owed a signal bit of experience. There was a certain Mr. Hess, brickyard owner, tenement owner and local politician, who was reported to be growing rich fast, and who for several reasons did not enjoy the entire confidence of the better class of people in the village.

Mr. Hess had two beliefs that he pridely avowed: first, that no woman should meddle in business matters; second, that the rich people on the hill should not concern themselves with what went on in the village. At the time she began to save the big elms when certain schemes of Mr. Hess demanded that they should be cut down, those beliefs came to her ears.

Miss Hadyn was a good deal more than a landscape gardener; she was a most determined fighter for her own rights and for the rights of others. In this case the injury to her own distant view was not the only one. A school yard was to be deprived of shade, and a whole row of tenements was to be left roasting in the sun. Before Mr. Hess fairly awoke to what was doing, Miss Hadyn had circulated her petition, used every influence her social standing gave her, obtained an injunction from the court, and presently a decision in her favor.

Mr. Hess raged.

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It was really a beautiful view. When Fanchon came to make her month-long visit to her aunt, the back veranda began to be called "the sanctified spot."

"Let us have breakfast, Katie, in the sanctified spot," Miss Hadyn would say to the maid. And sometimes Katie asked, "And shall I show callers out to the sanctified spot, ma'am?"

"A beautiful view," said Fanchon, as she lay in the hammock and gazed dreamily toward the river, "is perfectly a piece of heaven. It steals into the heart and makes it new, so that we poor mortals grow strong and joyous like the angels. This place, Aunt Julia, is 'the world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil.' Why, Aunt Julia! What on earth are those men doing down there?"

Fanchon asked the question in a startled tone, and a startled look came into Miss Hadyn's face as she turned. The next minute she and Fanchon were moving down across the lawn to the meadow, where the men were driving stakes.

The ladies were not left for a moment in doubt. A shanty was to be built there. Mr. Hess had bought a strip of land for that purpose.

Aunt and niece returned to the house and held an agitated consultation; then Miss Hadyn drove to the village to see Mr. Hess. She came home late, looking very tired.

"It's no use," she said. "He admits that he's doing it to spite me. Money won't pay him for his fun. I've been to several nurserymen to see what they have. I must get trees and shrubs immediately and plant it out."

Plant it out! With heavy hearts they made drawings and studied the problem. The thing

AS FAR AS LANDSCAPE GARDENING WAS CONCERNED, FANCHON HAD ACHIEVED TRIUMPH.

chuckling at the success of his plan. After a while he sneaked off, angrier than ever at Miss Hadyn—although it was certainly not *her* fault that he did not enjoy looking at his spitehouse.

Miss Hadyn's old neighbors, her friends of the countryside, were indignant at the wrong that had been done her. Hess had no popularity to lose among them, however, and cared little what was said of him "on the hill." Nor would he listen to such expostulation as several influential gentlemen ventured in Miss Hadyn's behalf. He professed himself as well satisfied with his investment on the hill.

So all that Miss Hadyn's neighbors and friends could do was to advise her to lose no time in "planting it out."

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Fanchon sought consolation in making friends with Angelina and the *bambini*. She found them a rollicking crowd; the mother was as much a child as any of the seven youngsters, and all were disposed to return good will for good will.

"Do you know, Aunt Julia, that color isn't so bad, after all," said Fanchon at the dinner table one day. She did not need to specify further; "that color," of course, referred to

When it was all done, Hess came up and fed his eyes on it.

It was Sunday morning, and he had seen Miss Hadyn and her niece drive to church; he did not scruple therefore to come far up on the lady's lawn in order to get a view of his work. The house was so still that he even ventured part way up the back veranda steps, to the edge of the sanctified spot.

The birds sang sweetly on the quiet lawn and a soft wind came up from the river. Far away there sounded chapel bells. Hess looked at the blot he had created on the landscape and vaguely wondered why he did not feel like

"A beautiful view," said Fanchon, as she

view. That was heaven. You seemed separated from the world. But the world is a good place, too; I think too many fastidious people try to plant it out. Aunt Julia, if we could turn that man's spite into something good, wouldn't it be a triumph in something more than landscape gardening?"

Finding herself launched on such a homily, Fanchon had grown crimson as she spoke; but she finished bravely and was rewarded by the unconcealed impression that her words made on Miss Hadyn.

Planting it in! Again Miss Hadyn and Fanchon made drawings and studied their problem; but not with heavy hearts. Fanchon proposed that they build a simple rustic pergola with vines over it from Angelina's kitchen door the length of all the outhouses. That would give the Italian household some shade, and would decidedly improve the appearance of the buildings as seen from Miss Hadyn's back veranda. The foliage that was to surround the buildings, Fanchon said, must harmonize with the peculiar shade of blue that Mr. Hess had painted them. Dark, spiring evergreens, a bank of shrubbery with silvery foliage, and a great shock of purple-flowering clematis: those were the elements out of which the girl proposed to make a picture.

Fanchon went further yet in her scheme of harmonization. She planned for a pavilion on Miss Hadyn's own grounds, at the edge of her thicket, where it reached on one side to the brow of the hill. This pavilion was to be built shapely, and was to be painted, like the shanty, in a dark green- and silver-color scheme. And it was to be painted *the identical greenish blue* of the spitehouse.

"You must," insisted Fanchon, when Miss Hadyn demurred. "It is the finishing touch of acceptance, of harmonization, of joining the spitehouse to us and making us all one. In that pavilion we will teach those children, and between it and the Carmellos' there must be worn a footpath. A footpath is one of the most appealing and charming things in nature. It will give significance to our picture and put the real soul into it. I won't hear of anything except a pavilion and a footpath."

It will be observed that by this time Fanchon was mistress of the situation. Miss Hadyn, divided between misgiving and admiration, was giving her enthusiastic niece free hand.

The success of the plan depended on the Carmellos' willingness to be "planted in." Here Fanchon feared no difficulties and found none. Angelina was ready to help dig holes, and ready to threaten her Giuseppe with dire calamities if he broke so much as a twig of what the *signóra* was pleased to have planted.

So the work was done swiftly and quietly, at least as much of it as could be done by the hand of man. Fall saw the evergreens and the leafless shrubs set out and the pergola erected. When the winter snows came and Miss Hadyn lived alone, she had to admit that there was already a certain charm in the little establishment, and a sense of companionship in the human dwelling near by, which to her niece and herself had become the object of so much pleasant thought.

With the first spring blossoming, Fanchon came up from the city to see and rejoice, to add